The following remarkable poem by W. W. Story—the emilient sculptor—appeared many years ago in Black cood. Aside from the magnificence of its diction, the idea of the poem is so bold and original that very few will feel themselves familiar with it even on a second reading. The idea of the Metempsychosis never had an ampler or more fitting

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider,
A gause on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow,

I dreamed that I was with my Antony, And in his arms I lay; Ah, me! the vision has vanished— Its music has died away; The flame and the perfume have perished— As this endeed a recognific restille.

As this spiced aromatic pastille That wound the blue snacke of its odor Is now but an ashy hill. Scatter upon me rose leaves
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me,
Till into my veins they creep;
Beach down the lute, and play me

A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon. There, drowsing is golden sunlight, Lotters the slow, smooth Nile, Through siender papyri, that cover

Through alender papyr, that cove The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus rolls on the water, And opens its heart of gold. And over its broad-leaf pavement Never a ripple is rolled. The twilight breeze is too lazy Those feathery paims to wave, And you little cloud is as motionies as stone above a grave. As stone above a grave,

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild flerce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred,

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockstoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flash across the light.
Look! listen; as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest unlifted,
And shricks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockstoo, shrick for Antony!
Cry "Come my love, come home!"
Shrick, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Bome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber That wretched little gazelle, With its kright black eyes so meaningless, And its silly tinking bell i Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape Mistily stretching away.
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the hercer spiendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald, blear skull of the desert
With plowing mountains is crowned. With glowing mountains is crowned. That burning like mo'ten jewels Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time, Eons of thought away, And through the jungle of memory Loosen my fancy to play;

Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvetv tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushioned-tooted,
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The slience of the mighty woods,
And ferce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The slephant transching started. The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near.
And the spotted g -affes fied widdy
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide of splendor,
Quivering along the glade, Or yawning, panting and dreaming, Basked in the Tamarisk shade,

Hasked in the Tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on.
To brood in the trees thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.

And wandered my mate to greet,
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive a
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyer flashed flercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly,
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of m And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor-For I was flexile and fair-Fought for me in the moonlight, Fought for me in the moonings,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breath him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Likes bold we wrant upon them.

And the hungriest line doubted.

And tore them limb from limb,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest line doubted
Ere he disputed with him,

That was a life to live for! Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodiess passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero!
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient flerceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not origing to sue me! Come not oringing to sue me:
Take me with the triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
Whose the tiest passions were in us. When the tiger passions were in us, And love as you loved me then!

A TRIP WITH A GUARD.

On reading the "Troubles of a Ticket-clerk," I wondered, like him, whether any of the numerous people with whom I am daily brought in contact would care to know anything of my grievances, which, though not perhaps so large as his, are still grievances. I am acting-guard on a very large railway, and receive twenty-five shillings per week, which, when my duties are taken into consideration, will not be considered too much. To judge properly of the arduous and wearisome nature of my duties, it will be necessary to accompany me one trip at least, which will give you a very fair idea of a guard's work. I am on middle turn, and am working the 10 o'clock express from London to Rollington. After signing on, as it is termed, I visit the train, inspect the coupling of the carriages, see the lamps all right, see that the communication cord for passengers is properly adjusted, and last, though not least, that the communication between myself and the driver is in good condition. I next superintend the packing of passengers' luggage in my van, let passengers into the train, and wait for the signal to start. I am accosted by a very shabby-looking chap, who says: "Guard, I'll give you half a crown to post this letter in Rolling-

"I dare not; the company's very strict," and finding me inexorable in the

matter he walks away. I overhear a passenger asking a question of a porter: "Do you know

Tooting? "No, sir. Yes, there's Tooton near Nottingham;" meaning Toton.

"No, no; it's somewhere in the suburbs.

"Never heard of the suburbs before, sir, never;" and at this last sally the passenger ceased his inquiries. "Guard," says an elderly gentleman,

in a very nervous manner, train go to Camden?" "No, sir; the train goes to Pole-worth without stopping; the next train A gentleman rushes up, panting and out of breath, and says, "Ware?"

" Where? "Ware !" he reiterates.

voice-" W-a-r-e!

"Where?"
"Ware!" he shouts at the top of his

"Oh, Ware. Your train is on the left, beyond the refreshment-room;" and off he rushes, wondering, no doubt, at the stupidity of railway officials. The five-minutes' bell now began to ring, and a cry of "Take your seats, please—going on," warns the passeagers that they must not linger any bar or in the waitinglonger in the rooms; and they mostly take their seats, with the exception of one or two regular obstinate ones, who never will take their seats till the very last minute, and thus frequently delay the

Standing by the van door, I am addressed by a lady: "Oh, guard, I want my boxes put far back, please; I am so afraid anything should be thrown upon them, if they're in the front.'

"Very good, ma'am, I'll put them behind;" and just as I have finished, she rushes up out of breath, and says ; "Oh, my husband has not arrived; I shall have to have them out;" and accordingly they are got out with infinite difficulty, in consequence of their being behind everything else.

A young man asks me which is the carriage for Lily, and I am just opening the door for him, when two men touch him on the shoulder, and one "Your name is Johnson, I be-Says : lieve?"

"Yes," he replies, looking around.

"Well, I want you."
"You haven't been long about it." "No, we never are," said the detective, quietly, and marches him away.

The signal is now given to start, and is instantly countermanded by the station-master, who, accompanied by the lady, wants her boxes put in again, as her husband has just arrived; and I put her and her husband into a carriages, and leave her with her head out of the window, adjuring me to put those boxes far behind; and after a delay of quite a minute and a half westart, leaving on the platform a testy old gentle-man, who had got out of his carriage to enjoy the minute's delay, and walked a little too far. And now that we are once started, there is plenty to do; the passengers' luggage to sort, the parcels to sort and check, letters to sort, and to keep a sharp look out. So the train goes on, rushing, screeching, grating, till it screams into Poleworth station, where ten minutes are allowed for refreshments, and for the engine to take water. The first person I meet on the platform is, to my great surprise, the elderly gentleman who wanted to go to Camden.

"This is a fine thing, sir, to be overcarried in this manner." "It's entirely your own fault; I told

you the train didn't stop; you're about forty miles away from Camden." Well, I know that; I thought there

were two trains, it's so confoundedly long. What am I to do?" "See the station-master by means.

"Guard," says a lady at a carriage window, "can you get a little milk for my little dog?"

I manage to get it, take it to her, and receive a shilling for my trouble, as she

"Oh, guard, will you see that this little boy is put down at Rollington?"
"Well, I'm see, Miss. I've got plenty to do without looking after youngsters. Put him in, however; I'll see him all right.

The bell again warns passengers that the train is about to proceed; and after a slight delay, caused by a gentleman who had forgotten which carriage he was in, and who has to search each carriage separately, we start again. While half way between Poleworth and Norrington, I see the child that was given in my charge with his head as far out of the window as he can reach, and the train running between forty and tract his attention, but I cannot bear to meaning, and nod an affirmative. He look at him. At last I see him draw in gets out. his head very quickly, and guess the cause—a speck has flown into his eyes—a contingency for which I have been long hoping. I feel more relieved than you could well imagine, and inwardly vow never to accept the charge of any more children.

The next stoppage is Sixbury Junction; and after going out and scolding the child, who has, I find, rubbed his property he gives me a shilling, and prayers, hand-shakings, and congratulaeye into a state of inflammation, I am called to a carriage window and asked do I change here for Didlewell?

"You've got into the wrong train, ma'am; you should have changed at the refreshment-rooms complaining dreadfully of the scantiness of the time "Oh, dear! what shall I do? They put me in at London." (By the way,

whenever passengers are overcarried they always say they were put in.)
"You'll have to wait five hours and

platform ; you'll find a nice fire there.' utes." (The train has only been in two.) out of my break, fully expecting to see

"Yes, sir." "Can't you find my brown portmansaw it labeled myself." (But just here interrupt him by producing the hatbox from under the seat where he had ful. You ought to carry foot-warmers

put it there myself, for fear it should get smashed among the other heavy lug-

As the road between Sixbury Junction and Veltage is very straight and level, I take advantage of it and begin to make up my journal, as it is called. It is a record of the times I arrive at and depart from stations, the number of ve-hicles on the train, and any out-of-theway occurrences—in fact, answering the same purpose to the train that a log-book does to a ship. We arrive at Velt-age in due course, and are delayed, waiting for the Scotch mail-train passengers. While engaged in my van, a porter comes and asks for "the British Columbia's box," and a wag who is near wants to know whether this train brought it, or did it come special,

"I haven't got such a thing," I say. "Oh, yes you have; it's a large green box;" and after ferreting out the large green box, I find it belongs to the Bishop of Columbia, who has been traveling in the train.

"Guard," said a lady, "I wish you'd request these young men to leave off

"I can't, ma'am; they're in a smoking compartment. "Well, I can't see it written up. Why

don't they write it up large?" "It is written up outside the door."
"No, it isn't, for I looked myself;" but on her getting out I showed her her mistake, and instead of apologizing, she merely says: "Well, they shouldn't have put me in."

On returning to the brake, I find a large retriever dog that had been put in at Sixbury busily engaged in discussing a basket of pork pies which he has got from the parcels. They are rapidly disappearing, and I do not dare to go near him, as he shows his teeth and growls in a manner simply terrible. I fetch his owner from his carriage, and he calls the dog off and laughs at the notion of his paying anything for the damage; and I take his name and address for further use. Meanwhile, the arrival of the mail again fits us for starting. I am asked by a sailor, who has been in a state of drunkenness for two days, and been

"At Walleton." "I've been trying to find Walleton for two or three days, and blest if I

carried twice up to within twelve miles of his destination, and then been taken

right away for want of changing, "Where

do I change for Helsing?"

I put him in the proper compartment, give the signal, and the train again speeds on its way; and while we are traveling at a terrible speed, I see the sailor getting out of his carriage and walking along the foot-boards. I instantly communicate to the driver to stop, get out, and fortunately secure him, and, with the help of the underguard, put him into an empty milk-van and lock him in, making sure of him for the rest of the journey. Starting again, we arrive in safety at Diddlecome. A great many passengers get out here, and a perfect storm of inquiries is directed to me.

"I want that green box; don't you see it?" "No, I don't."

"It's right under your nose. Here, wait; I'll get it myself." But as it is a rule not to allow passen-

get in herself, and get the box out, and point out that it is blue, and not green, nor hers at all. "Guard, I want my hat-box." "I don't see it, sir. "I saw it put in at Kilby myself." "I don't think you did, seeing we

don't stop at Kilby. "Well, never mind; just get me my hat-box. "It isn't here." "Then it ought to be. It's positive-

ly disgraceful; the management ought to be kicked.' Here the porter who was attending to him savs :

"I've put your portmanteau and hatbox on the cab, sir." "The deuce you have! Where did you get my hat-box?"

"You gave it me out of your hand when you got out of the train. I next release the sailor, and give him to the station-master, who is going to give him into custody, but lets him off,

as he is sobered, and expresses great regret for the trouble he has given. I am here much puzzled by a German passenger, who was put in at Sixbury, and who says: "Ist diese statione forty-five miles an hour. My heart is Diddlecome?" After a good deal of in my mouth; in vain do I try to at- consideration I manage to make out his

> gets out. "Geben sie mir meine baggage. I stare, but recover on hearing the word baggage; and as I cannot understand what else he says I am obliged to take every bit of luggage out of my van, and let him claim what is his, which he does by tapping the article

> property he gives me a shilling, and

makes me a complimentary (at least I

hope so) speech, and then departs. The warning cry of "Going please," hurries the passengers out of allowed; of the coffee which the barmaids give them, much too hot to drink; and of the soup, which they only get just as the train is about to start, and have to leave almost untasted. Everygo on to Poleworth by the up mail. The thing being ready, we proceed; and a consummation long prayed for. ladies' waiting room is on the other taking advantage of the quietness of the A notable feature of the war i line I take my dinner, when, just in the "Guard, guard," said a gentleman, middle of it, I feel a peculiar jerk, that "I've been waiting these last five min- brings my heart into my mouth. I look "Get my luggage out-five portman- the mangled remains of some man; but teaus, two hat-boxes, one carpet-bag, am much relieved to find it is only a and two bonnet-boxes." joining field on to the line, and being too frightened by the approaching train teau? Cursed nuisance! I'd rather to escape, was cut fo pieces. We arrive have left anything behind than that at Godsend in excellent time, and I noportmanteau. Oh, you've found it, have tice a commercial traveler get into a you? Now, where's the other hat-box? second-class carriage and join another Haven't you got it? Dear, dear! I commercial, whose face I know well. might as well have come without my and suspecting these two worthies I keep head as without that box. I never did my eye upon them. The train now stops see anything like it; unless one looks at Dewlin; here a passenger requires a to everything one's self, there's nothing foot-warmer; I tell him that they are right. I'll report this matter; a set of not kept at small stations, but that he lazy, good-for-nothing rascals! Why, I can have one at the next large station.

been sitting.) "God bless me! under in your break; it's large enough." the seat, was it? Ah, so it was. I The train starts and I resume my

lookout, sort the remaining percels and letters, and presently we steam into Rollington station. Before the train has nearly stopped, a girl, who sees a relative, is imprudent enought to attempt to get out, and is thrown down, and cuts her face very badly. I take her name and address and give it to the station-master, who will most likely summon her on behalf of the company. Here I am again assailed by several people, all of whom want their luggage people, all of whom want their luggage at once. In vain do I say: "I haven't got a dozen pair of hands," for one or two people immediately demand my name, and threaten me with the condign wrath of each and all of the upper officials of the line, with whom they (the passenger) seem to be hand and glove. The little boy's friends are here to meet him: I give him up and am rewarded. him; I give him up and am rewarded, and hold my tongue as to his escapade, for which he seems grateful. I am called by the ticket-collector, who wants to know where the commercial gentlemen started. "One came from London, and the

other got in at Godsend." "You'll have to give me your names and addresses, please;" and on giving them they are released. Their modus operandi of swindling the company is very neat; the one who starts from London takes a ticket to the first stopping station, namely Poleworth; they meet by agreement at Godsend, where the other one gets two tickets, and thus defrauds the company of one fare between Poleworth and Godsend.

"Guard, when you go back to Lon-don, if you go to the booking-office, I left a shilling there; you may have it if you can get it."

"Thank you, sir;" and I smile as I say it, for the chances of my getting it are very remote. "Guard, how is it that my box has become so crushed?"

"I don't know, ma'am." "It's a great shame you fellows don't take more care of passengers' luggage; however, I shall put a claim in for it, and so you'll be sure to hear of it

Having examined my break, to see that there is nothing left inside, made up my journal, and settled with the driver as to time, my trip is finished.

And thus the guard works day after day, and year after year, at work at which the workingman would scoff, and call no work; work, however, which strains the tension of the nerves to the utmost pitch, knowing, as he does, that the slightest omission or wrong per-formance of any one of his multifarious duties may cause an accident that would place him in the dock on a charge of manslaughter, and render his dismissal from the service inevitable in any event. -Chamber's Journal.

The Temperance Crusade-Great Rejoleing in Xenia, Ohio.

[Xenia Letter to the New York Tribune.] The greatest victory yet achieved in the Temperance war has been gained here to-day in Whiteman street. The nine saloons on that short street-five within the space of 300 yards-have gained an unenviable reputation, and are known about town as "Shades of Death," "Hell's Half Acre," "Certain Death," "Mule's Ear," and "Devil's Den." For three days the ladies have gers in the van, I decline to allow her to labored almost incessantly in front of the "Shades of Death," the proprietor only seeming to grow more stubborn, but at 2 p. m. to-day he opened his doors, invited the ladies in, and announced his unconditional surrender. The news flew as on the winds over the town, and in a few minutes it seemed that all the population were hurrying toward Whitman street. A dispatch was sent to the State Convention of Grangers, and that body, numbering 600, rose and indulged in three hearty cheers. All the church bells were set ringing, and the entire town turned out

Reaching the scene of victory, I found the proprietor rolling out his liquors and delivering them to the women, the latter, some 200 in number, meanwhile waking the echoes of the narrow street with "Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow." Not only the women, but ministers, merchants, and men of all professions and trades, seemed over-whelmed with joy. A half-barrel of highwines, another of blackberry brandy, three kegs of beer, some bottles of ale, and a few gallons of whisky were poured out amid the plaudits of a thousand people. Then the leading lady of the praying bands made her address, in which she announced that Mr. Phillips had quit the liquor traffic without exacting a single condition; that he purposed to enter another business, and they all felt it to be their Christian duty to support him. Another shout and another song, and the assembly became too happy for orderly manifestation. Some women were laughing, some crying, others praying, but the majority tions. In the outskirts of the crowd was an old lady almost in hysterics, but still shouting in that rapt manner one often hears at camp-meetings, "Bless the Lord! O! O! O! Bless the Lord !" On inquiry I learned that she belonged to one of the first families in the city, and is ordinarily a most quiet, placid lady. One son she has lost by intemperance, and another is in danger.

To her this victory over the saloons was A notable feature of the war in this city for the last two days has been the presence of a school of girls led by their teacher, singing before the saloons such songs as "Say, Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?" and "Father, dear father, come home." It is seriously proposed to close all the schools and business houses for a portion of each day that the whole population may be brought to bear on the saloons.

PURIFICATION OF EXPENDED LUBRI-CATING OIL.—Procure a tub of about 16 gallons capacity, supplied with one spigot at the bottom, and one about four inches above, and placing in it 5; quarts of boiling water, introduce 2,000 grains of chromate of potash, 1,540 of soda, 1,920 of chloride of calcium, and 3,340 of common salt. Then add 50 quarts of the oil to be purified, stir well for five to ten minutes, allow to remain perfectly quiet for a week in a warm place, and draw off the clear oil by the upper spigot.

PATENT MEDICINES. -That there are some good patent medicines no intelligent man dare for a moment deny; and pre-eminent is the great California hero medicine, Vinegar Bitters, discovered by Dr. J. Walker, a prominent physician of San Francisco. This medicine, although called Bitters, is not to be classed among the vile "fancy drinks" recommended and sold over the bar by rum-venders, but is a combination of pure herbalistic extracts, known to possess sterling medicinal qualities, and is compounded without the use in any shape of spirits. Its action upon the internal system is not stimulating to the extent that alcoholic poison is, but it at once attacks blood-impurities, and by removing the original cause destroys the germs of disease and invites returning health. Its action upon the stomof dyspepsia, and in truth imparts new life and vigor to the whole system. It is one of the best medicines ever in-

HARVARD says that "enquire" right, and Yale says it is "inquire."

Triumph of American Pianos.

George Steck & Co., of New York, Receive the Gold Medal at the Vienna Exposition.

The Imperial Commission at Vienna have decided the question of merit in piano-forte manufacture by awarding the only Gold Medal within their gift to Messrs. George Steck & Co., of N. Y. This is a magnificent testimonial to the wonderful beauties of tone and workmanship in the Steck instruments, and will unquestionably add to their already well-established prestige, N. Y. Tribune.

The official letter is as follows: VIENNA, Dec. 13, 1873.

"Geo. STECE, Esq.—Sin: I have the pleasure of informing you that I this day received from the Baron Schwarz-Senborn a Gold Medal awarded to you for the Pianos exhibited by you at the Vienna Exposition."

"THOMAS MCELRATH, U. S. Com's'ner." Deafness Caused by Catarrh.

Catarrh not unfrequently produces deafness.
Mr. Levi Spainoen, of Nettle Lake, (P. O.),
Williams Co., O., formerly of Durban's Corners, O., has been cured of deafness of fourteen years' standing, by using Dr. Sage's
Catarrh Remedy. He was so deaf he could
not hear a person talk when seated by his side, and can now hear the church bells ring two miles distant—so he writes. A MARKED CASE OF DEAFNESS CURED.

A MARKED CASE OF DEAFNESS CURED.
DICERBSONVILLE, Niag. Co., N. Y. Feb. 22, 1871.
About one year ago I caught a severe cold in the head, which terminated in a severe form of Catarrh. During the time ulcerations occurred in the nesal passages, and I became wholly deaf in one ear, with partial deafness in the other. The inflammation had involved all the delicate structures of the ears, and I was in immediate danger of permanent deaf ness. The discharge became profuse and fetid, both into my throat and from my ears. In this condition I called on Dr. Pierce for aid, who prescribed his Golden Medical Discovery and Catarrh Remedy, and under their use have rapidly recovered. My hearing is restored, and my Catarrh is entirely well. JORN SMITH.

Among the Magazines for March AMONG THE MAGAZINES for March
there comes none brighter or better than the
Milwaukee Monthly. Excellent stories,
sketches and poems, followed by an illustrated fashion department; suggestions on house
furnishing; an article on the toilet and how
to look pretty; and fine editorials, make up
an extremely interesting book. In the April
number will be published the first of a series of
articles of house plans, accompanied with articles of house plans, accompanied with careful estimates as to cost of building in brick or wood, and hints on and cost of furbrick of wood, and fints on and cost of fur-nishing. These papers alone will be of the greatest value to those contemplating build-ing. The price of this magazine is only \$1 a year, and a local agent is wanted in this place. Address with stamp for specmen copy, F. J. Gilmore, Milwaukee, Wis.

At this season of the year, when so wany of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years. we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficiency. There may be other remedies that are good, but in all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a protection against a class of complaints which seem harmless in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerou if neglected.— N. H. Register.

THE NATIONAL SUBGICAL INSTITUTE OF Indianapolis. Indiana, after fifteen years of growth has besome the largest Institution of the kind in America, and has been remarkably successful in the treatment of Parslysis, Hu-man deformities, Piles. Catarrh, Fistula, and Chronic diseases. We understand they treat none but curable cases, and that they are reasonable in their charges. Send to the Insti-tute for their new general circular.—[Com.

THE New York Weekly Witness, at One Dollar per annum, is the best Weekly newspaper in America. It has increased in circulation tenfold within a year.

THE New York Daily Witness, at Three Dollars, is best for business men. Send (by postal card) for sample copies. - [Com.

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HAVE you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, internally and externally.

A PAIR of shoes will cost you only 5 cents more with a SILVER TIP on than without, and it will add twice the cost of the shoe to their wearing value.-[Com.

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